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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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CONTENTS OF NO. 10.

EASTER LILIES 113
NOT SEEING, AND YET BELIEVING 113
THE STILL HOUR 115
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 116
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—
A PRAYER FOR CHILDREN 119
NATURAL HISTORY:—
TO TAME A BIRD 120
WILLIAM GREENLEAF ELIOT, IV. 123
THE ALPINE SHEEP 124
MARTYRDOM OF VIVIA PERPETUA 125
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN 127
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE 128
IMPORTANT NOTICES 128

EASTER LILIES.

O lovely Lilies, be my priests to-day!
Ye hold a revelation so divine,
That 'midst your holy incense I must pray,
And make confession, too, at your sweet shrine.

What need to sit beneath the frescoed dome
Of minster or cathedral when we preach
From purer altars in your silent home,
The sermon that my inmost soul doth reach,
And captivating sense doth all my senses teach?

Bright quickeners of thought and retrospection,
Beholding ye, can I doubt resurrection,
Or question yet a Father's sure protection?

O fair Apostles! older than the creed
Of church or council, or those fishermen
Who, toiling by the sea, in human need
Took heart at sight of ye, and home again:

From your chalices the pure libation
Pours that consecrated Earth's creation—
And Litanies ye chant in sadness,
Arose in Eden's bower of gladness.

A Sabbath and a Temple everywhere
Ye make, that all may kneel and worship there.
Shrive me, sweet priests, and if I be forgiven,
What ye have loosed, sure will be loosed in Heaven.

—*Zitella Cocke.*

NOT SEEING, AND YET BELIEVING.

"Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet believe." But, my friends, the grounds of belief are more and deeper than anything I can put into the shape of argument. What I hope to do, and all I can presume to do, is to give some direction to your thoughts, and still more to your feelings, on this Easter morning.

And, first, a future life is closely connected with our moral feelings. We have an instinctive dread of going out of this world with stained hands and an accusing conscience. When the end draws near, I think there are very few who do not sincerely wish they had lived a pure and good life, and who would not rejoice to be able to make amends for the wrong they have done, and who would not, if they could, undo much that they have done, and do much that they have left undone. Then those who have been at enmity would fain be reunited and forgiven. Then the desire is stronger than at any other time to be at peace with one another, with our own hearts, and with God.

Not in this world have we done with life as a trust, committed to us by the God of righteousness. Nor have we reached a point at which there is no more to be attained. There is in our nature a capacity of virtue, of holiness, the measure of which is not filled up here. Even if we make the best use of our threescore years and ten, we still fall immeasurably short of the full stature of the perfect man.

Again, there is our feeling in regard to the dead. They do not cease to be in our minds or our hearts, when they pass out of our sight. They do not lose their influence over us. Their wishes do not become nothing to us because they are not with us to express them, but in many instances are more sacred to us

than ever before. We can say what we think respecting a future life; but who can put into words the feeling we have towards the dead whom we love? Yet, through this feeling, they are by no means dead to us; they live in our affections; the thought of what they would approve or disapprove is a motive in our conduct; and, if we believe that our love for them is given to us by God, what surer pledge could we have of his love for them, and that we may safely commit their spirits into his hands?

There is another feeling we have; namely, that in the great and good there is something too precious to die; and this feeling is strengthened by the contemplation of men who have nobly sacrificed their earthly lives im order to be faithful to justice, truth, and love.

With such a belief in God as that of the New Testament, there is no room for doubt of a future life. When we can think it a natural thing for earthly parents to be careless of the lives of their children, we may think of our heavenly Father as suffering his children to perish. If God were to us merely the Power supremely controlling all things, or the original principle of life from which all life is derived, we might believe in him without feeling that we were individually any more the objects of his care than the things around us that rise and pass away. Hence there are some who believe in him without believing in a future state. But the moment we feel that there is a personal relation between him and the human soul, we have in him an everlasting friend. And this feeling was characteristic of those who had learned of Christ. It was enough for them to commend their spirits into their Father's hands. Through the love shed abroad in their hearts they felt that God dwelt in them and they in God; they felt themselves to be partakers of eternal life, because they were partakers of the Divine nature. Hence what is said in the New Testament respecting a future life is rather in the form of testimony than of argument. And the inward witness to which the great Teacher appealed was quickened by what they had to say from their clearer vision and from their higher point of view. What they told from the heights to which they had attained was felt to be as credible as what the mountaineer tells us of the prospect which discloses itself at the heights to which he has climbed.

"Blessed are those who have not seen, and yet have believed." The fact of their belief is more than their reasons for believing. It shows that they have grounds for believing, which to themselves at least are satisfactory, whether or not they can explain them. They are calm and peaceful, when the great change draws near, and talk to us of meeting again. And, when they are gone, we are reminded of those words of old: "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country." The feeling we have in regard to those who are too good to die, our grief and sense of desolation in losing them, our sweet and sad remembrance of them, are to us as the coming on of night, in which the stars of heaven shine down upon us. Truth, goodness, love, piety, are from God, and go to God: they are divine in their nature and cannot be subject to time and decay. "The memorial of virtue is immortal, because it is known with God and with men. When it is present, men take example of it; and, when it is gone, they desire it; it weareth a crown and triumpheth forever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards." Its assurance for the future is in an eternal life already begun.

My friends, we owe to the senses a great deal—how much, we can only imperfectly realize while we have still our full use of them. What a pleasant thing it is to behold the light of the sun! What sources of enjoyment, and more than enjoyment, are opened to us in the grandeur and beauty which are seen by us through the bodily eyes! What constant use we make of sight in the pursuits of life! How hard it seems to us to be shut out from the benefits of which that one sense is the instrument! How great, too, is our loss when the daughters of music are brought low, and nature is to us "soundless with all its strains," and the voices of our friends are, as it were, muffled into indistinctness, and the conversation at the table and at the fireside is to us only an inarticulate murmur! But the light which broods over the solitudes of the grave is not that "of setting suns, and the round ocean, and the living air"; and the voice with which the dead speak to us is not that which is heard by us with the outward ear. There is a spirit in man which giveth him understanding. Without it, what is conveyed to us by the ear and the eye would be without its highest meaning and its purest joy. Through this spirit in man we have the life which is hidden with Christ in God. It is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Blessed are they who, having not seen, yet believe what God hath revealed to us by his spirit. Let us ask of the bodily eyes what they can show us of the material creation, and of the

ears what it belongs to them to tell us; but for tidings of a future state, let us ask of the divine and immortal part in us,—of conscience calling upon us to be just and true, though the outward man should perish—of the heart with its love stronger than death,—of that inward witness which witnesses with our spirits that we are "children of God; and, if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ."—*Dr. Sadler, in the Christian Life.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know;
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels;
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.
Some dear hands are loosened
From our earthly clasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer grasp.

Hand in hand with angels,
Walking every day,—
How the chain may lengthen,
None of us can say,
But we know it reaches
From earth's lowliest one,
To the shining seraph,
Throned beyond the sun.

Hand in hand with angels;
Blessed so to be!
Helped are all the helpers;
Giving light, they see.
He who aids another
Strengthens more than one;
Sinking earth he grapples
To the Great White Throne.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE SOUL'S EASTER.

"Easter! thou birthday of the soul,
That life's harsh storms doth buffet to and fro!"

Easter comes to us with suggestions of divinest promise, not alone embodied in graves of our beloved. To every man who rises from the grave of his own sins—who buries his murmurings, his resentments, his selfishness, cruelty to man or beast, his strategies, dishonesties, impurity—and clothes himself anew in the beautiful garments of praise, forgiveness, compassion, tenderness, integrity, honesty, purity—a divine resurrection takes place, rejoicing the eyes of the heavenly hosts.

Each time that a soul realizes he has forgotten his high calling, and says, "I will arise and go unto my Father," determined that what he has been doing he will do no more, a glorious rising from the dead takes place. Every one who finds a new ability to rise above the trials of his lot, or who, having been bowed beneath a load all too heavy of the "wherewithal," rises into fearless confidence in the Father, has an Easter of the soul of surpassing beauty and transcendent hope.

There are souls, quivering beneath the anguish of irreparable sorrows, who can easier trust God with their precious dead than with their living griefs; around whom links in the chain which men call destiny have forged cruel bars, which hold in a vice-like grip the powers, tastes, longings, and needs; whose "deep harp of life" can give forth only discordant notes, because steeped to the lips in misery,—hearts tender as a drop of dew wounded in every pore, souls with glorious capacities for affection with its holy censer of sweet spices wasted, who cry,—

"The billows behind and before me
Are gaping each with a grave."

Graves of buried hopes, of holy ambitions, of slighted friendships, of parental longings, of misapprehended and misconcerted plans!

Brother! Sister! Do I not know your hearts from my own? Have sweet hopes and high ambitions been crushed beneath some cruel Juggernaut? Have friendships and loves holy as your hopes of heaven been torn from your trusting clasp? Have you been traduced and tortured by lying tongues? Be comforted, for the white-robed angel will roll even these stones away!

"The comfort of the Easter day
Comes not alone to those who lay
Their loved ones down with sealed eyes
To sleep beneath the bended skies,
But to those hearts whose restless moan
Tells of sweet hopes too swiftly flown,
Of friends who tossed Love's costly flower
Aside—the bauble of an hour—
And left us, while they yet remain,
A legacy of ceaseless pain.
By these sad graves, through darkened days,
A tender, white-robed angel stays
To roll the stone, that we may see
Love crowned with immortality."

There is a divine resurrection for these costly jewels of the heart. Not one of them shall be lost. Then try, grief-smitten heart, to enter into the joy of this by anticipation, looking forward to the full fruition not many days hence.—*Helen Strong Thompson.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests to be printed in this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 60 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

For the following books please address Miss Barbara Standish, 256 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.: "Ben Hur," A Tale of Christ; "Fortunes of Rachel," E. E. Hale; "Haremlik," some pages from the Life of Turkish Women; "Struggle for a Continent," Parkman; "St. Ives," Being Adventures of a French Prisoner in England, R. L. Stevenson; "Thaddeus of Warsaw"; "Tom Brown at Oxford"; "Young Folks' History of America"; "Sunday Afternoon Stories for Home and School," E. E. Hale; "First Forty Winks," H. Hendsy; "Little Saint Elizabeth and Other Stories," F. H. Burnett; "Wonder Stories from Herodotus"; "Bob, Son of Battle," A. Ollivant; "Hildegarde's Neighbor," Laura E. Richards; "Aunt Jo's Scrap-bag," Louisa Alcott; "Jack and Jill," Louisa Alcott; "Little Children's Progress," F. H. Burnett; "What Katy Did Next"; "A Sweet Girl Graduate," L. T. Meade.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., offers the Egret Leaflet, with beautiful illustrations of the Snowy Heron, to any one interested in these beautiful birds, who are in danger of extermination unless the wearing of egret plumes for ornament can be stopped.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I should like very much to have the following books: "The Nonsense Ballads," by Charles C. Lester, and "The Lucky Sixpence" for myself, and "Billy Whiskers" for my friend, whose name and address is, Louis Thiede, North Platte, Nebraska. He is a Dutch boy, and would like to receive any reading. May Gordon, North Platte, Nebraska.

2. It has been a long time since I have written to you asking for any reading. I shall appreciate any good books that can be sent me. I should be very glad if some one could send me "Ten Nights in a Barroom" and the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Mrs. A. D. Trevey, Naola, Virginia.

3. I wish to thank all who have been so kind to me in the past. I also wish to thank the one who has been sending me the *Youth's Companion,* and hope she will continue to do so. I should like to have some of the following books: "Inez," by Augusta J. Evans; "The Surrey of Eagle's Nest." I should also be glad of pictures for my school, and anything that you have. I hope I am not asking for too much. Miss Victoria Luck, Snell, Virginia, Spottsylvania County.

4. I should like to have any good books, a dictionary, and any papers. I shall be fourteen in March. I have six sisters and two brothers. Kate Luck, Bumpass, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, Box 93.

5. I have been a reader of the *Cheerful Letter* for some time. Any good books or reading will be appreciated very much. My minister's address is Rev. W. M. Gaddy, Athens, Texas. Miss Gussie Mae Allen, R. F. D. No. 5, Athens, Texas.

6. I wish to thank the one who sends me the *Cheerful Letter.* I also wish to thank Mrs. Fannie Estabrook for sending the *Cosmopolitan* for 1912. She also remembered me Christmas with a booklet which I appreciated. I would have written her a card of thanks, but have lost her address. I should like very much to have "Lavender and Old Lace," by Myrtle Reed, or any of her works will be much appreciated. Thanking all for past favors, Mrs. A. E. Hicks, Monroe, R. F. D. 1, Virginia.

7. "Little Men" is asked for by Miss Edna Davies, Lineville, Iowa.

8. Mrs. Joseph V. Ware, Amherst, Virginia, sister-in-law of Mrs. James R. Ware, is now in a new neighborhood, and not much acquainted, and will appreciate reading and a small Bible with good print.

9. Reading in your magazine, how one could be cheered and comforted, I decided

that is what I wished, and would be pleased if books would do it. I enjoy reading them, being a boy of fourteen. I like good books. Thomas Rohn, 42 New Street, Dayton, Ohio.

10. Mrs. Mary E. Shelton, Campbell, North Carolina, R. F. D. 41, wishes to thank her friends that sent her reading matter for the year 1912. I hope the *Cheerful Letter* friends will all remember me with good books and literature of all kinds, also the *Delineator* for 1913, and picture books for a little girl of four years. I am afflicted with rheumatism and much of the time cannot do much writing. I should be glad of letters and postcards.

11. I should greatly appreciate the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Delineator* for 1913. Mrs. B. A. Blalock, 530 North Long Street, Salisbury, North Carolina.

12. I come again to ask if you will send some more reading to help pass away these long winter evenings. I am a partial shut-in, and often get lonely. I wish to thank all who have sent me reading in the past. I cannot begin to tell them how much good it has done me and my family. I should like the little paper called *Sabbath Reading*, also any book by M. L. Thornton Wilder, except "Lonely Hills," or any other good reading. I should also like to have you send something wholesome and instructive to read to my son, sixteen years old. He would like the *Youth's Companion* or the *American Boy*, or some other good paper or book. He has read a number of books on hunting, so would rather have something else. Wishing you much joy and many blessings for the good you have done, Mrs. Guy Whitten, Clinton, Maine.

13. I have been reading a great deal from the *Cheerful Letter*. My cousin has moved away, and I am so lonely that I should very much like to hear from some one. I am thirty years old, and have been married four years. I have no children. I live in the house with my mother who is seventy years old, and my sister who is almost always sick. We live in a very pretty place, though it is about fifteen miles to the railroad and two miles to church, so you may know it is quite lonely. We do not have Sunday-school in winter, as it is so cold and far from church. There are a great many poor children here who do not go to church. I am going to do all I can to get them to go in the summer. We are Methodists, and have a fine preacher, Rev. H. V. Shenton. Please let me hear from you soon, as we are so lonely. Mrs. P. W. Drummond, R. F. D. 1, Box 40, Sandidges, Virginia.

14. With pleasure I address a letter of thanks for the *Cheerful Letter* which I receive very regularly and enjoy reading so much, and look forward to its arrival with eagerness. It is also enjoyed by my friends. I also receive other reading which I gladly accept, and read, and most earnestly appreciate. If it were otherwise, I should spend many very lonely hours. I thank all for the magazines, papers, cards, and books, and shall still be glad to be remembered. Miss Lucy H. Davies, Big Island, Virginia.

15. I should be glad to have sent me "Little Men" and "Little Women," by Louisa Alcott; "Les Miserables," Victor Hugo; "Marie Claire," Madame Andoux; "The Varment," Owen Johnson. Any of these I should be grateful for. During the past year I have had a few books sent me which I have read, and which I lend or give to others, and I feel grateful to the givers of these books. Frederick W. Keene, North Berwick, Maine.

16. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio, thanks the many friends who remembered her through the holidays. April 4th is her birthday, and will you please remember her on that day, as she has been very poorly, and her life is a very sad one? Send her cards, letters, books, or little gifts; anything will be appreciated, for we want her birthday to be a happy one. Please don't forget her.

17. I wish you all to know how thankful I am for your kindness in sending me so many nice things for Christmas. We had a nice time, and the children were so pleased, and seemed to appreciate so much the things they received. I don't know how to thank you all enough for your help. I should be glad to answer all personally, but this I cannot do, so I take this means of answering all. I have my hands full of work just now. All my children except two are off at work. I should be so glad to receive a good magazine regularly. Have been receiving the *Ladies' Home Journal*, but this is all we receive regularly, and you would be surprised to know how many hands it passes through. With many kind wishes for you all, Mrs. J. Porter, Doerun, Colquitt County, Georgia, R. F. D. 3.

18. P. D. Brown, 7301 German Ave., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, says, "If in-

formation and reading matter are sent out by your Alliance free of charge, I should like a summary of the Unitarian Doctrine, and also anything worth while on the life of Philip Melancthon." This man was a former *Cheerful Letter* correspondent from Salisbury, North Carolina.

19. I am sending a few lines of thanks for the *Cheerful Letter* and other reading that has been sent me last year. I should like some good books or reading of any kind sent me again to pass away lonely hours. Any reading matter sent will be gladly welcomed. Still thanking you for past favors, Mrs. Henry Nelson, Critz, Virginia.

20. Mrs. Flossie Witt, Ironsburg, Tennessee, a young woman whose husband is away at work, is very lonely. She will appreciate letters and reading.

21. Mr. Carl Peavey, Monroe, Maine, would like "Following the Star," by F. J. Barclay, and "The Girl of the Limberlost."

22. Miss Maud Walters, Athens, Texas, R. F. D. 1, Box 77, asks for "The Christian" and "In His Steps," and also a Red Letter Bible.

23. Miss Alice Rogers, Sandidges, Virginia, R. 2, would like current numbers of the *New England Magazine* and a copy of Longfellow's "Poems."

24. Miss Grayce Moore, Spencer, Virginia, a young woman of about twenty years, would appreciate reading matter.

25. Mamie Martin, Critz, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, a girl of thirteen, will be glad of suitable reading.

26. Mrs. Bettie A. Short, Elamsville, Virginia, has not received any reading of late, and will be very thankful for the *Ladies' Home Journal* or any reading.

27. Dora Smith, White Store, North Carolina, Route 1, asks for a Bible with large print and any good reading.

28. Mrs. Bettie Nelson, Critz, Virginia, a lonely woman with an invalid husband, needs cheering letters, reading, and picture books for the children especially.

29. Mrs. Arrelia George, Whittle's Depot, Virginia, mother of six children and an invalid, asks for reading.

30. Mrs. Emma Blankinship, Sandy Level, Virginia, is grateful for what she has received, and asks for "The Minister's Wooing," "The Wide, Wide World," and souvenir cards.

31. Miriam Walker, Sonoma, California, would very much like to receive "Five Little Peppers Abroad," or any of the Pepper books after that, and "The Little Colonel in Arizona," "The Little Colonel's Knight Comes Riding," or "The Little Colonel Maid-of-Honor."

32. Mrs. G. W. Howorth, Marysville, Texas, Route 1, has moved to a new place, and is lonely. She would like reading for herself, husband, and ten-year-old girl.

33. Mrs. Annie Mays, R. F. D. 1, Critz, Virginia, a widow with four little children, asks for reading.

34. Mrs. T. A. Gregory, Callands, Virginia, would like occasionally to receive a good novel.

35. Mrs. Minnie Clark, Spencer, Virginia, a farmer's wife with four children, two girls, ten and twelve, a boy of five, and a baby girl of two, living far from school, asks for reading for herself and two larger girls, and picture books for the little boy. The eldest girl, May, is a cripple.

36. Mrs. Joanna Crook, now at Richfield, North Carolina, asks for reading for her family, which consists of five children and an invalid husband.

37. I wish to thank all *Cheerful Letter* friends who have remembered me in any way. I am grateful to the friend who sends me the *Cheerful Letter* regularly. I should like so much to have some one send me "The Girls of Friendly Terrace," by Harriet Summers Smith, and "The Letter of Credit" (I think that is the title) by the author of "The Wide, Wide World." I have a birthday January 30, and should be glad to hear from any of my *Cheerful Letter* friends. I appreciate all their kindness. My health is still very poor. Mrs. Hartley James, New Gloucester, Maine, Box 3.

38. Miss E. W. Kimball, East Hebron, New Hampshire, still needs our cheer, and will appreciate flower seeds for her garden.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Miss Jessie Dykeman, daughter of the late Rev. C. F. Dykeman, is now at Pickwick, Minnesota.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

A PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

Bless My Mother.

O dear God, bless my Mother who
  Gives all her life and love to me.
Her heart is tender, calm, and true,
  Her faith is boundless as the sea.
By wisdom that is brave and sure,
  By patience that is firm but mild,
She lives with but one object pure—
  To love and serve her little Child.

God, help me every day to prove
  How kind and loving *I* can be;
For surely all my Mother's love
  Should be reflected back from me.
O dear God, guide my growing soul,
  So I may ever strive toward
Some noble purpose, higher goal,
  To make my *life* her best reward.
Amen.

"Prayers for Little Men and Women,"
by John Martin.

THE STORY OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.

[The following is a true story, told by a negro named Archer Alexander to Rev. William G. Eliot. The biographical sketch of this man, written by Mr. Eliot, is now out of print.

Archer was brought up on a plantation in Virginia. The family who owned him seem to have been very kind people, but this did not prevent the boy from being separated from his mother when the young master left his home and took the boy with him.]

Forty-eight years after that day, Archer himself told me of it. He was then nearly seventy years old, failing fast, about three months before he died. I had often talked with him about his old home; but he had said almost nothing about his mother, until one day, as he was half-working on my grass-plot with his sickle, I asked him if he remembered her. "Yes, sir," he answered very slowly and solemnly, first looking at me, and then higher up, with his face raised. "Yes, sir, I remembers her like yesterday. Seems like I never forgets her, nohow. 'Specially when trouble comes,—and I've had a heap of that,—thank the Lord,—seems to me she allays come to me—not close up to me, but jess like she was when I seed her the last time; and she's allays a-prayin' for me. That's what keeps me up."

There was something peculiar in his manner, for to the pious negro there are no realities like those of faith; and I asked him to tell me more about it. He hesitated a moment, and then said, "Yes, sir, I think I kin. I can't allays talk about it, but 'pears like it would do me good now." He sat down on his wheelbarrow, while I stood by him, under the shade of a tree that he had helped me to plant ten years before.

"You see, sir, after ole Mr. Delaney died, and the family was all broke up, like what I was tellin' you one day, the place wasn't big enough to keep all on us; and young Mr. Thomas he wrote he thote to come West. He was bound to take me because he liked me, and I liked him; and I belonged to him, anyhow, as a part of his sheer. Well, one day, on a suddent-like, he up and quit. He said good-bye to eberybody, and I kissed my mammy, and was most crazy with 'citement 'kase Massa Tom had chose me to go along wid him, and to ride his favorite hoss 'Shirley'; and I didn't know what a big fool I was.

"I leff my mammy—that ar was Chloe, the ole missus' favorite cook—a-settin' on the door-step, and I didn't seem to keer no more about it than ef I was goin' 'way for a week. But she keered. Then, when we went down to the gate that one of the boys was thar to open, suthin' came inside of me, right here [laying his hand on his breast], and said to me, 'Archie, you're leaving your mother for good. You won't neber see her no mo'.' Then I turned round to see whar she was. And ther she stood front of her own white-washed cabin, whar I was born; and both her hands was raised up, this way; and she was lookin' up, and the sun shined on her, and I could see her face plain, and it looked bright-like round her head, and I knowed she was a-prayin' for me. I knowed it jess as well as ef I heerd it. I kep' looking so long that Massa Tom got a good bit away; and he turned and spoke up sharplike. 'Peared like I weighed twice as much on the hoss as I did before, and I couldn't say nuthin'. 'Why, what's up, Archie?' young massa said; 'have you seen a ghost?' 'No, sir, I ain't,' I said to him; 'but I seen my mammy, and she was a-prayin' for me.' 'Well,' said he, keerless-like, 'that's all right. Your mother will pray for you, and mine will pray for me.' 'Yes, Massa Tom, that's so.'

"You see, sir, my young massa was mighty good to me. He knowed I felt bad, and wanted me to keep my heart up. But I couldn't do it, nohow. That night we stopped at Jake Appler's tavern, and I dreamed all night of my pore ole mammy. But arter that I didn't think hardly no mo' about it. I was dreffal busy all the time; and, when we got to the river at Guyandotte,

and on the boat, there was a heap to see. But at Louisville, whar we stopped two days, I seed her agin."

He paused for a moment as if to collect his thoughts. He was evidently telling what was to him literal and sacred truth.

"Massa Tom, he leff me waitin' for him in a bar-room,—you see he trusted me anywhar,—and some men thar was mighty civil, and give me a drink, and got me to laughin', and I was goin' it strong. All at once sumfin' come over me. I looked out of the winder (it was jess beginnin' to be darkish), and thar, plain as I see you, thar she was, away off, stan'in' front of her white-wash door, de light shinin' on her face and all aroun' her, and her hands up, a-prayin' for me,—seemed like I heerd her,—'Lord Jesus, save my boy.' I sot down the glass. 'Gentlemen, 'skuse me. I speck my massa's callin' for me, and I'se bound to go.' When I tole Massa Tom how kind them men was to me, he was orful mad. He said they was *dealers*, the rascals, and, ef they had only got you drunk, they'd 'ducted you in no time, and sole you South. But I didn't tell him it was my mammy that saved me." It is impossible to express the tenderness with which he said this.

"Well, sir, it was a long time after that afore I thote serious about anything; for, arter we got to St. Louis, I was worked in the brick-yard, and nothing much went wrong wid me. But thar come round thar a 'vival Metherdus preacher, and I went to hear him. He talked mighty strong persuadin' to come to Jesus; but somehow it didn't 'press me much. He called for them as wanted to be prayed for to come forrard, but I got up to go home. Jess then, seemed like I heerd my mammy a-prayin', 'Lord Jesus, don't let him go!' Shore enough, right out in the dark night I seed her, plain as day, her hands like they was befo', praying for me. I jess give in and went straight up to the altar, and afore the week was gone I found Jesus; and, bless the Lord, I'se stuck to him ever sense. But it was my mammy that done it.

"It's a long time ago, and I haven't seen her plain till lately; but now, ebery night mose, she comes in my sleep, allays a-prayin' for me, and her looks is pleasant. She's dead long ago, and gone to glory. I never heerd nuthin' certain about it; but, sir, I'm thinkin' I shan't be here long now. Please the Lord, she's waitin' for me. I'se ready to go.

"Mebby, sir, you think this is all fool talk. I'm a pore ignerant man, if I is free, thank the Lord! Kin you tell me, sir, ef you please, was it my mammy all this time, shore enough? Or is I 'ceivin' myself? I see you don't make fun of me, and you's the fust one I ever tole it all to."

"No, Archer," I said, "I don't feel like laughing. I could never laugh at a man for loving his mother. What you saw I don't know; but one thing is sure, that it is your mother's love, and your memory of her, that has saved you."

"Thank you, sir: that comforts me and 'courages me. We don't know much, nohow, but I'll go along steadier for what you say. I'm gettin' powerful weak, and my mammy is a-waitin' for me."

I left him sitting there. It was his last day of work.—"*The Story of Archer Alexander,*" *by William Greenleaf Eliot.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

TO TAME A BIRD.

There are three, yes, four, possible degrees in our relations with a bird. In the first, his fear is overcome; in the second, he is made happy; in the third, he is tamed; in the fourth, he is humanized.

The first step of his progress, which in the majority of cases he never gets beyond, is essential to his comfort and our own, and the sooner it is taken the better. I have already suggested in a previous chapter that the cage of a very wild bird, until he gets accustomed to our presence, should be covered. Not until he can endure to see people about him without going into a panic can the first step be taken.

A good way to do this is to place the cage on the table or desk beside you, going on with your occupation as usual, and not often looking at him; that is, if your occupation is a quiet one, reading, writing, or hand-sewing. I should never put a bird by a sewing machine, nor near any machine making sudden or violent motions.

. . . . . .

Having accustomed the bird to your presence, the next step is to establish friendly relations with him, and to make him happy, something that is almost universally overlooked by keepers of birds. Begin to talk to him, sing or whistle to him, give him something he likes; in a word, make him feel acquainted. He will be as ready to respond to these attentions as a child or a dog, and it will make him happy. How many birds and other pets live in our houses year after year and get hardly a word or look from us! They are ignored as if they were wooden images or music machines, instead of fellow-

creatures with sentiments and emotions like our own. If you have never tried it, you will be surprised to see how quickly the little fellow will answer a kind word, how he will wriggle his small body, and show in every movement that he is pleased, that he reciprocates your good-will. Some birds—notably canaries—will answer with their sweet call every time you speak, and keep it up as long as you do.

Let me caution you never to allow a bird to be teased or annoyed. Many boys and men who should know better delight in amusing themselves in that way. It may look droll to see a bird in a rage, scolding, beating his wings, snapping at a finger, and in other ways showing that his evil passions are aroused, but it ruins him for agreeable house companionship. It develops bad temper and disagreeable ways, such as squawking in jays, screaming in parrots, and harsh scolding in others. It makes them irritable, malicious to other birds, and often to children.

To make him thoroughly happy, a bird in a house needs some amusement: he pines for something to interest him, and, like a child kept in, he should be provided with playthings. A pet paroquet, that I knew once, though he had the freedom of his master's house, was furnished with a small basket of playthings,—a bunch of keys, a bit of chain, a spool or two, a few marbles, and other things. The bird knew as well as any child that the basket and its contents were his, and he made a great row if any one touched them. Many times a day he got down his basket, and amused himself an hour at a time with its treasures.

Another bird—a parrot—had to be entertained every day, and, if people were busy and he were neglected, he helped himself to playthings. A favorite object was a spool of thread, from which he cut the contents with his sharp beak, and then demolished the spool. A lead-pencil or pen-handle to bite and reduce to slivers was acceptable; and, indeed, he could amuse himself with almost anything, and, when he was not supplied with a stock of his own, he was always in mischief.

A thrush I once had used to amuse himself with the hanging fringe of a towel laid over a chair. He would run at it, try to pull out the threads, and, holding by the beak, swing back and forth with great relish.

A crumpled newspaper laid on the floor is often a source of pleasure, also a ball that rolls easily, as a marble. A string is the delight of most birds, but it is dangerous, for they are apt to tangle it around their legs, and frighten, if not hurt, themselves; moreover, some birds will swallow a string, and suffer till they throw it up.

All this may be accomplished with a bird without making him what is called tame; *i.e.*, so much at home that he will come at your call, alight on you freely, take food from your lips, and let you stroke or handle him.—"*Our Home Pets*," *by Olive Thorne Miller.*

SHALL THE EGRET HERON BE EXTERMINATED?

The most beautiful, and one of the most popular, millinery decorations with civilized women, is that dainty and exquisitely formed feather known as the "aigrette" in America and the "osprey" in Europe.

It is a sad fact that this personal decoration, so much esteemed by our modishly dressed women, is procurable only by inflicting unspeakable agonies on some of the most beautiful creatures which inhabit the earth.

In the early days of the Audubon movement, its leaders raised their hands in protest against the traffic in these feathers. Their cry has been taken up by many other organizations and societies interested in various phases of humane work. To-day it seems incredible that there should be any well-read person in the United States who is not aware of the fact that the "aigrette" is the nuptial plume worn by the white Egret at the nesting-time of the year, to procure which it is necessary to shoot the birds, which means that the young in turn are left to slowly die of starvation.

In fighting the traffic in these feathers, the Audubon Societies have published and distributed millions of pages of literature bearing on the subject; have contributed thousands of columns of matter to the public press; and their speakers have addressed audiences aggregating hundreds of thousands of hearers, in all of which there have been set forth the unanswerable facts relative to the methods of procuring the material for this heartless trade.

In their efforts to safeguard the interests of these birds, agents have been sent to those regions still inhabited by the Egrets, and their nesting colonies located. Wardens have been employed to remain in the fever-infested swamps to guard the localities which the birds had chosen for their rookeries. Frequently these men have had to contend with unscrupulous feather-gatherers. *Three Audubon wardens have been killed, and at least two others probably saved their lives only by promptly returning the rifle fire of their would-be assassins.*

Yet, despite all our efforts, the birds have continually become scarcer, and, in fact, so depleted are their numbers to-day that we did not know of over fifteen colonies in the United States in the summer of 1911.

In these ancestral nesting-places still gather a few thousand birds, the pitiful remnant of the great flocks which inhabited our Southern States a few decades ago. These this Association is exerting every possible effort to protect.

In the summer of 1906 the writer spent five weeks on the Gulf Coast of Florida, covering the territory between Tampa and Key West. About twenty-five colonies of water-birds were examined, and innumerable feeding-grounds of Herons were visited. In all this stretch of territory—two hundred miles in length—less than a dozen white Egrets were found; whereas, in the same region eleven years before, the writer had found the birds plentiful, and in places very abundant.

Large areas in Florida, where, in years gone by, the birds were more abundant than in any other place in the United States, are now devoid of either species, except now and then a rare straggler. After the nesting season, a few Egrets wander northward. If the colonies along the South Atlantic Coast can be guarded and the traffic in plumes suppressed, there seems every reason to believe that the birds will again extend their natural breeding-range northward, until they once more inhabit suitable regions in the neighborhood of New York.

The Audubon workers, by constant agitation and an immense amount of labor, have succeeded in securing the passage of laws which prohibit the sale of these birds in the states of New York, New Jersey, Louisiana, Ohio, Missouri, Massachusetts, Oregon, and California. This is only a beginning in the line of legislation for suppressing the traffic in their feathers, for the sale still goes on in every city of any size in the other States of the Union.

Even where the trade in aigrettes is now declared to be illegal, there are frequent evidences of violation of the law; for so valuable and so alluring are the profits that many annually run the risk of prosecution in order to deal in the feathers. The price of aigrettes has gone up and up, until to-day prime feathers are actually worth more than twice their weight in gold.

As the birds have become exterminated in the United States, the millinery feather agents have turned their attention to the *tierra caliente* of Mexico and the rivers of South America. Here, in the swamps of the hot countries, the feather-gatherers are to be found every year. It is such a profitable industry that the fortunate hunter who gets possession of one of the big colonies, or *garzeros*, usually guards it with jealous care, and his gun is turned against all comers. It is customary to wait until the eggs are hatched, for then the old birds, responding to the cries of their young, are loath to leave the neighborhood, and readily fall a prey to the gunners. The millinery dealers, in their efforts to defend this nefarious traffic, seek to mislead the public by the statements to the effect that aigrettes are gathered from the ground underneath the nests. Every ornithologist, or other person, who has had experience with Heron rookeries, knows the falsity of this statement. At least twenty well-known naturalists have filed affidavits to this effect with the officers of the National Association of Audubon Societies.

The following are abstracts from some of the sworn statements furnished by men, many of whose names are well known to the reading public. Read these and tell your friends of the atrocities of the aigrette traffic.

(From Affidavit of Prof. P. M. Rea, Charleston, South Carolina):—

"After practical observation of the breeding of Snowy Herons and American Egrets on the coast islands and swamps of South Carolina, and on the basis of experience with the work of plume-hunters, as well as from my knowledge of the growth of the plumage in these birds, I desire to state most emphatically that the plumes which are used for millinery purposes are worn by the birds only during the breeding season, and when cast naturally are of practically no commercial value."

(From Affidavit of Arthur T. Wayne, Mount Pleasant, South Carolina):—

"It is utterly impossible to get fifty egret plumes from any colony of breeding birds without shooting the birds. Last spring I went twice a week to a breeding colony of American and Snowy Egrets, from early in April until June 8. Despite the fact that I covered miles of territory in a boat, I picked up but two American Egret plumes (which I now have); but not a single Snowy Egret plume did I see, nor did my companion, who accompanied me on every trip.

"I saw an American Egret plume on the water, and left it, purposely, to see whether it would sink or not. Upon visiting the place a few days afterwards, the plume was

not in evidence, undoubtedly having sunk. The plumes are chiefly shed in the air while the birds are going to or coming from their breeding-grounds.

"If that millinery plume law is repealed, the fate of the American and Snowy Egrets is sealed, for the few birds that remain will be shot to the very last one."—*T. Gilbert Pearson, Secretary.*

[The Editor suggests that any one who is able to acquire the Egret leaflet, printed by the Audubon Society, should write upon it, "Please pass this on," and hand it to some one else. One leaflet may thus do a great deal of missionary work. The Editor's own experience has been that many persons say, when offered a leaflet, "Oh, I don't wear egret plumes." They seem to think that settles it. But we need the help of every person, and it is not much to ask that each one should hand the leaflet to another person.]

WILLIAM GREENLEAF ELIOT.

IV.

(*Continued from January Number.*)

His interest in education was secondary only to his zeal in his chosen vocation of a preacher of the gospel. As early as 1843 he was one of four or five gentlemen who met together to establish the Academy of Science in St. Louis. He believed that popular education, the instruction of the masses, should be part of the foundation of the social structure upon which higher education might rear its loftiest pinnacles. His first efforts were directed towards improving and strengthening the public school system of St. Louis. The creation of a great university for the West later occupied his time and thought.

When Mr. Eliot came to St. Louis in 1834, there were no public free schools in that city, although since 1812 there had been a public school fund, the existence of which had its origin in the old French colonial customs of the early settlers of St. Louis, who held certain lands in common, as a grant from the royal domain.

. . . . . .

He began his labors as a school director by visiting the public schools, sometimes devoting the entire day to that purpose. He records that in June, with the thermometer at ninety-five in the shade, he walked a mile and a half to the First Ward School, and visited all three departments, which were "in poor condition." The entire school system was at that time very unsatisfactory, and the teachers inefficient. In August, at his instance and direction, new teachers were "imported" from New England. The system of instruction was altered and improved.

Mr. Eliot soon found his duties as a member of the school board quite onerous, but considered that he was working in a good cause. There were three meetings each month to be attended, and he was occupied with school duties one or two days of the week. In June he was appointed member of a commission to visit the county farm and city workhouse to ascertain their condition, and also to prepare a memorial to the city council and county court, urging the establishment of a house of correction. "Those who are able to work all the time without painful weariness," he declared, "do not know what luxury they enjoy."

"Next autumn," he writes, "my plans are:—

"I. To prepare a petition and get a law passed by the legislature, authorizing a tax of one-sixth of one per cent. on city property for school purposes, and then to urge it before the city council.

"II. To get the school claims for property in suit, for which purpose a memorial must be sent to the commissioner of land in Washington, to require action of surveyor-general of Missouri.

"III. Purchase of lot and erection of school-house in this ward.

"The first of these is my own idea, and will need much attention. The second I must chiefly see to. The third only needs urging."

Thus much for the schools. In addition, Mr. Eliot proposed to preach on slavery; to get some initiatory steps taken in the legislature, or at least some consideration among the members thereof, as to emancipation laws; to preach strongly on trade in liquors; to deliver four or five lectures on European travels, churches in Europe, etc., for charity fund; and to give a course of lectures to young men and women. An inclusive programme!

. . . . . .

The supreme importance which Dr. Eliot attached to the free school system is shown in his Phi Beta Kappa address, delivered during the Civil War, in which he said: "The newspaper correspondent may tell you that Missouri was saved to the Union by the taking of Camp Jackson and the scattering of the disloyal legislature three days before an ordinance of secession would have been passed. But the earnest of that

victory had been given twenty-five years before by the establishment in St. Louis of the New England system of free education. On the first Monday of June, 1849, when fully one-half of the city had just been destroyed by fire, the citizens determined, by a vote, two to one, to tax themselves for the support of the public schools. On that day the victory was gained."—*"William Greenleaf Eliot," by Charlotte C. Eliot.*

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

When on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little rill from memory swelled,
Which once had soothed my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you
Some portion of its mild relief,
That it might be a healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
The little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love:

"They in the valley's sheltering care
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime;
And, when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

"To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

"But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,

"Till in his arms the lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

"And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed!"

This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that float unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,
And like the burden of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me."

—*Maria Lowell.*

UNTIL DEATH.

Make me no vows of constancy, dear friend,
To love me, though I die, thy whole life long,
And love no other till thy days shall end—
Nay, it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so;
I would not reach out of my quiet grave
To bind thy heart, if it should choose to go—
Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost, I trust, will walk serene
In clearer light than gilds these earthly morns,
Above the jealousies and envies keen
Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy caress
If, after death, my soul should linger here;
Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,
Love's presence, warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe
For my poor sake; what love thou hast for me,
Bestow it ere I go!

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead
The praises which remorseful mourners give
To women's graves—a tardy recompense—
But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head
To shut away the sunshine and the dew;
Let small blooms grow there, and let grasses wave,
And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more gay
Than I; but, trust me, thou canst never find
One who will love and serve thee night and day
With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die! The violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,
Nor miss my tears: e'en Nature's self forgets;
But, while I live, be true!

—*From "Songs of Three Centuries."*

AN EASTER MESSAGE FROM DR. HALE, NOW IN HEAVEN.

To give to a world the blessing of life assured, life unbroken, the Saviour Christ returns to his friends, to say once more, "I am the resurrection and the life." The men who told that story won the world. The world of that time accepted the truth and the testimony to it. And, in all time afterward, these words are the words that speak in every chamber of bereavement. "He is not here: he is risen. This is only the place where he lay." Or "I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God."

Edward E. Hale.

EASTER TIME.

The little flowers came through the ground
  At Easter time, at Easter time;
They raised their heads and looked around
  At happy Easter time,
And every pretty bud did say,
"Good people, bless this holy day!
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
  This happy Easter time."

The pure white lily raised its cup
  At Easter time, at Easter time;
The crocus to the sky looked up
  At happy Easter time.
"We hear the song of heaven!" they say;
"Its glory shines on us to-day;
Oh! may it shine on us alway
  At holy Easter time!"

'Twas long and long and long ago
  That Easter time, that Easter time;
But still the pure white lilies blow
  At happy Easter time.
And still each little flower doth say,
"Good Christians, bless this holy day!
For Christ has risen, the angels say,
  At blessed Easter time!"

—*Laura E. Richards.*

MARTYRDOM OF VIVIA PERPETUA.

MARCH 7.

On this day [A.D. 203] Vivia Perpetua, a woman of good birth and fortune, about twenty-two, recently married, and with one child, was, with five companions, after having been exposed to the beasts, despatched by gladiators in the amphitheatre of Carthage.

O glowing Youth! smileth not Earth full bright?
Looketh she not on thee her loveliest?
O tender soul, new to each dear delight!
O wearer of her silken shining vest!
O mother glad, thy one babe at thy breast!
Who findeth the soft kiss of Earth more sweet?
Heaven and the Heavenly King who yearneth less to greet?

Upriseth not for thee Earth's bower of bloom?
Oh! who more meetly may on roses lie?
Oh, not for thee her grimness and her gloom!
Not thine, not thine, the earth-averted eye,
The aspiring smile, the heroic constancy,
The glorious agony, the heavenly calm,
The martyr's throngèd pangs, the martyr's fadeless palm!

O Heavenly Lover! what can match Thy might
But Thy dear love? Earth may have brought her best,
But canst Thou not outbeam her smile most bright?
O soft soul, dearly loved and richly blessed,
O mother glad, thy one babe at thy breast,
This sweetness thou didst sweetly cast away,
This bitterness didst clasp, young, fair Perpetua!

The helpless smiler on that breast that hung,
Urged its sweet suit; ah! how could she gainsay?
She felt her father's arms about her flung,
She saw him lowly kneel, she heard him pray
His child to live. Ah, no—she may not stay:
The Heavenly Lover, how could she deny?
Oh, sweet to die for Him Who came for her to die.

How the dark dungeon shone! what visions bright
He sent those lowly, tender eyes to greet
With soft foreshinings of celestial light!
Lo! up the golden ladder clomb her feet,
And her glad eyes beheld that Shepherd sweet
In the Heavenly Fields, His happy flock among,
And knew her own bright place amidst the blissful throng.

Nor lonely here her path; grim death to face,
Smiling a smiling martyr-band she led;
Beamed each aspiring eye as the dread place
Before them its long line of horror spread;
And, as the throng its fury murmured,
Broke forth a clear, triumphant song divine
From her sweet lips so soon with angels' lips to join.

Oh, blest the scourge, that gave her to enjoy
One very pang the Heavenly Lover bore!
Oh, hornèd beast, that flungest her on high,
Thy thrust she felt not! still that smile she wore,
So strong her soul in ecstasy to soar:
Quick, lingering steel, the yearning one set free,
Give her her own bright Home, her own dear Lord to see!

Winneth she not, King of the Heavenly Land,
The fairest of Thy mansions fair?
Lord of the Martyr Host! what mighty hand
A palm-branch of more glowing green doth bear?
What stately form a robe more rich doth wear?
Oh, loveliest wearer of the white array,
Who may outsing thy song, sweet-souled Perpetua?

Every allusion here embodies no imaginative adjunct, no possible occurrence, but a veritable fact,—not what might have happened to any martyr, but what was done and suffered by Perpetua herself. The importunity of her father, the vision of the golden ladder and the Good Shepherd, the smile and the song with which she entered the amphitheatre, her enjoyment of the scourge, her ecstatic unconsciousness of having been tossed by the cow, the awkwardness and timorousness of the executioner, are all related in her acts, of which the most searching criticism has recognized the authenticity.—*T. H. Gill, "The Anniversaries."*

WHERE TO FIND GOD.

The history of religion is the history of man's search after God. Men cannot get along without some conscious hold of God. Our common human nature, our whole mental and moral being will have to be completely reorganized before the atheistic conclusion, "There is no God to find," can meet with anything like a general acceptance. But "Where to find him?" That is the question. We are told to go to nature to hear his voice in rolling air and running brook, to see his face in star-lit sky and flower-decked earth. But this is only a part of nature. We only find in nature what our taste and feelings fit us to find. The geologist finds one thing, the botanist another, and the artist another. All the God we can find in nature is the God of inexorable law, of invincible might, a God of strength and beauty, if you will, like the Apollo of the Greeks, but a God inexorable to man's sin and deaf to his prayers. We are told to go to the Bible, to humbly study the sacred records, that therein we shall find the being and power of God. But the Bible is simply the story of the struggles and processes the human soul has gone through in the attempt to find God. It only shows us how other people sought and found the Eternal Father. We are told to go to Christ would we find God. And now we are nearer to the truth, and touch the place where God enshrines himself. Yet Jesus says, I am simply "The Door," "The Way," not the glory the door opens upon, not the end to which the way leads. In the soul's unfathomed deeps alone is God to be found in any real and experimental way. If we find him not there, we shall not find him anywhere. If we find him there, we shall find him everywhere. The same Spirit breathing in us we shall see working in nature, speaking in psalmist or seer, living in "The Son of Man." The pure and open heart is still the dwelling-place of God. It is there that we must find him, or find him not at all. The heart that longs for purity, the soul that longs for peace, is yielding to the pressure of the divine hand. Men talk of groping after God, but the truth is that we are seeking God because God is seeking us. When we see the ocean rise and fling a great tidal wave far in upon the shore, we know there is somewhere a great attractive power exerting an influence and causing the sea to overflow its natural boundary lines. We could not long for God if God were not longing for us, any more than the earth could feel an attraction for the sun if the sun were not attracting it. Our yearnings and prayers and endeavors are but the ascending buckets which God himself lets down into the well of our being: they are the answering movements of our spirits caused by his spirit touching ours.—*Hilary Bygrave.*

Jesus said, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." In that saying he revealed the source of our faith in immortality.

The Apostle Paul taught that one might pass from death into life at any time. After that death would not have dominion over him.

The sun meets not the springing bud that stretches toward him with half that certainty, as God, the source of all good, communicates himself to the soul that longs to partake of him.—*William Law.*

FAR BETTER.

The best of living is the last,
And life seems sweetest at its close;
And something richer than the past
These days disclose.
It hath been said that in our mortal life,
If it be spared to fill the allotted years,
Our pleasures first depart, and then our hopes,
And last of all we lose our very fears,
And Death meets neither joys, nor dread, nor tears,
But souls disarmed and conquered without strife.

Christ's followers find it better far than this.
Their fears alone depart, their hopes remain,
Their pleasures fed by love and faith increase,
Death is their birth to higher life again,
And that their tears may not be shed in vain,
His light transforms them to the bow of peace.
—*The Christian Life.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In major, but not in captain.
In causal, but not in cold.
In December, but not in June.
In ink, but not in water.
In siesta, but not in nap.
In look, but not in sight.
In noon, but not in day.
My whole is the names of two Presidents of the United States born in March.

II.

HIDDEN CREATURES.

1. "Please stop the noise right away," said Jane.
2. Mary said to John, "Did you go at sharp one o'clock?"
3. "Always be artistic," said Miss Smith.
4. "People know Hale lived to be an old man," said one of the scholars to his teacher.
5. "Travellers wander to many a shore," was the instant reply.
6. How Lucy escaped nobody knows.
7. Crisco will most always take the place of butter.
8. Jack always does his duty.
9. "Were you told to do Georgia's work?" asked John's mother.
10. As you may know, the new treasurer's name is Mr. Wright.
11. The Indian squaw rented the tent, as she was willing to let the white people in.
12. Are you going to adjust the matter right away?—*The Beacon.*

III.

SOBRIQUETS.

Who were known by the following?—
1. The Iron Chancellor.
2. Wizard of the North.
3. "Bobs."
4. "Boz."
5. Lady of the Lake.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

Famous Battles: Each number represents a corresponding letter in the alphabet.

20,8,5,18,13,15,16,25,12,1,5, between the Greeks and the Persians in 480 B.C.

2,12,5,14,8,5,9,13, between the English and Austrians on one side and the French and barbarians on the other in 1704.

19,1,18,1,20,15,7,1, between the Americans and the English in 1777.

20,18,1,6,1,12,7,1,18, between the English and the French and Spanish fleets in 1805.

1,21,19,20,5,18,12,9,20,26, between the French on one side and the Austrians and Russians on the other in 1805.

V.

LITERARY CONTEST.

Fill the blank spaces with the titles of popular books.

In the little village of R— lived D— B—: with him resided his ward T— A M— M—. She was interested in C— H— A— T— S— and knew little of the C— C— O— S—. Among her friends were T— B— O— W— R—, T— F— F— and T— C— B—.

Answers to Puzzles in the February number.

I. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—St. Valentine's Day.

II. FAMOUS MEN.—Charles Dickens, Abraham Lincoln, James Russell Lowell, Victor Hugo, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

III. BOSTON ENIGMA.—Boston State House is the Hub of the solar system.

IV. HEROES AND HEROINES.—Westward Ho! Vicar of Wakefield, Evangeline, Little Dorrit, David Copperfield, Old Curiosity Shop.

V. PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.—Lincoln.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "THE CHAIRMAN, MRS. GEORGE G. SAVILLE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

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The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held Friday, March 7, at 10.30 A.M. at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

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It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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